Yale

You? French Major? How...?

Junior Year Abroad beckoned. Ten months of fucking my brains out.

Short process. You’re a football player. How come the coach let you go?

Truth is I’m a pretty shitty football player. And Coach said don’t let my door hit you in the ass on your way to Paris!

Where you, of course, fulfilled your high objective?

Tried. But met Gaby and she clamped that crap. She’s coming here to live with me when I begin the doctorate in French Lit.

My God!

Sorry not to remain the ignoramus, but when you swim in another culture...

And find a good woman?

Yeah. You’re starting to notice my growing up. It’s shocking the hell out of me too.